

raising poultry for the market can be made quite a profitable business if properly managed. By faulty management the profit can be made very small or be made to disappear entirely. In raising chickens for market it makes a great difference whether they attain a good size and are sent in early in the season when poultry is scarce and high, or are marketed late when there is plenty of poultry offered at low prices. The prices of chickens in August and September are usually fifty to one hundred per cent. higher than they are in October and November. By having the chickens hatched early in the spring you may easily be made ready for the market early and then secure the high prices which prevail during the latter part of summer and first part of autumn. In order to succeed in raising poultry extensively, plenty of room must be provided for it. There must be suitable shelter, and plenty of yard room. The yard should be large enough so that a large part of the ground can be kept in grass, to afford the poultry a supply of green food. They need a daily supply of green vegetables. Cabbage and lettuce are best, but young and tender grass is good. Shade is needful in the yard to afford the birds a chance to retreat from the hot rays of the sun in summer. Fruit trees may advantageously be placed in the yard. They afford the needed shade, and the presence of the fowls will help to protect the trees from insects and insure their thriftiness and fruitfulness. Poultry yards are generally too small. If the yard is large enough the fowls will keep healthy. A New York hotel-keeper a few years ago had a poultry yard which contained fifteen acres, in which he kept large numbers of turkeys, ducks and geese. They had the range of the lot and during the summer obtained a large part of their food from the yard, and were free from diseases usually incident to poultry. The owner was wont to declare that he could raise a thousand pounds of poultry as easily and as cheaply as he could a thousand pounds of beef, mutton or pork. Under good management it is probably true that a thousand pounds of poultry can be produced as cheaply as a thousand pounds of beef, mutton or pork. The fact that poultry usually sells at two or three times the price of beef, mutton or pork, sufficiently indicates how much greater the profit must be in poultry raising than in raising beef, mutton or pork.

In raising poultry for the market the importance of having the chickens hatched early should be insisted upon. Next in importance is the feeding of them to insure their rapid and continuous growth. The food for the young poultry should be such as is adapted to promote growth, and should be abundant in quantity. Skimmed milk, either sweet or sour, is an excellent article for young chicks, along with Indian meal and molasses. The broad made rice porridge articles. The chickens should be given about all the food they will eat so as to keep them growing thriftily, all the time. Many allow their young chickens to be only about half fed for the first three or four months and then try extra feeding endeavor to bring them into condition for the market. By feeding well from the first the chickens are hastened to maturity, kept in good condition and are ready for the market at an early age. If poultry can be brought to maturity early in the season it is sent to market at a lower price. The scarcity of poultry offered, a high price will be obtained for it. The quicker poultry can be grown ready for market, the cheaper can it be produced. A certain amount of food daily is required to supply the waste of the system, maintain animal heat and so forth, and what is consumed in excess of that amount increases growth and flesh. If a flock of chickens can be brought to maturity ready for the market in four months instead of six, the cost of keeping them alive or simply maintaining their condition for two months will be saved. The more the fowls can be made to eat and digest the faster they will grow and the less will be the cost of maturing them. Neglect to feed generously is the cause of many failures in raising poultry for the market. The greatest profit is obtained only by feeding all the birds can eat, while the least profit is obtained by keeping them about half starved. Generous feeding and profit go together and that fact should be sufficient inducement to secure good treatment of poultry.—*Practical Farmer.*

**A Tableaux.**

M. Gauthier de Rumilly, Dean of the Senate, received a visit a few days ago from a landlord. It was a question of repairs to be made, and the Senator explained what he wanted to have done. The proprietor listened attentively and promised to have everything done. Six clock struck.

"Six o'clock already," said the landlord.

"Exactly," replied M. de Rumilly; but that doesn't matter, for I hope you will do me the honor of dining with me."

"You are very kind," replied the landlord, "but—"

"I insist; I shall not let you leave at six o'clock; your plate is already laid."

"It is impossible,"

"I shall be angry."

"It is impossible, notwithstanding the desire I have to remain. My affairs call me elsewhere at precisely this hour."

"You do not wish to share my dinner?" said the Senator, slightly vexed.

"You will understand why. They are at M. de Rothschild's at seven o'clock."

"Ah, you are his guest!"

"No, I am his cook!"

Tableaux.—*Paris Paper.*

—The tables were appropriately decorated when the Boston Commercial Club gave a dinner to some railroad men. The central piece represented a complete train, with engine and tender. The front feet high, made entirely of roses, peonies, violets, and other flowers. It extended nearly half across the President's table. The guests, as a return compliment, invited the club to a trip through the White Mountains.—*Boston Post.*

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoonpendyke, standing before the telephone and preparing to explain its mysteries and advantages to his wife. "Now, my dear, this is going to prove the most convenient thing we ever had in the house. When I want to talk to any one, I just turn this crank and say: 'Hello, hello!' and the other end of the central says: 'Hello, hello!' and I tell her who I want, and she calls him up. Now, I'll ask for Mr. Specklewottle." And Mr. Spoonpendyke turned the crank, utterly forgetting to press the button that makes the connection.

"What does he say?" asked Mrs. Spoonpendyke, cocking her head to one side, as a woman always does when her husband is trying to listen.

"He don't say anything yet," growled Mr. Spoonpendyke. "He ain't like you. He waits until he has got something important on his mind, and then he says it. Hello, hello!" roared Mr. Spoonpendyke, giving the crank a vicious twist and glaring into the enunciator with a mouth of foam tied up, or you're liable to lose it some day!" With such a fearful prognostication, Mr. Spoonpendyke rattled away at the crank, and awaited some sign of life at the other end.

"I suppose it is really that girl's fault," murmured Mrs. Spoonpendyke, sniffing at the instrument as though she smelled the young lady from afar, and found her no better than she ought to be. "I don't suppose she's there at all. More likely she's gadding around somewhere."

"What d'ye want to talk just then for?" howled Mr. Spoonpendyke.

"What's your measly object in breaking out with the conversational small-talk at that critical juncture? Don't you know she was just beginning to talk, and you made me lose her? I tell you one thing," added Mr. Spoonpendyke with impressive solemnity, "if you don't shut your mouth once in a while the motes will get in there and make you trouble."

"If she'd only just commenced to talk, you haven't lost her," replied Mrs. Spoonpendyke, wrinkling her nose. "You'll have no trouble with her if she's got started."

"Hello! hello! call up Mr. Specklewottle!" bawled Mr. Spoonpendyke, apparently convinced by his wife's manner of his own experience. "There, she's gone. No use for me to try any thing when you're around. Another time I want to talk through a telephone I'll take it over in a vacant lot! Do you know of anything that will keep you quiet for a moment?" demanded Mr. Spoonpendyke, his wrath rising as he contemplated his ill usage. "Never mind the expense. Just name the article! Why didn't you tell me, when you referred me to your measly old dad, that I was proposing marriage to a dod-gasted steam dictionary?"

"Say, dear, can I talk through it?" cooed Mrs. Spoonpendyke, anxious to disarm her husband.

"Is there anything you can't talk through?" squealed Mr. Spoonpendyke, beginning to realize that there was something about the telephone that he did not thoroughly understand. "When I get a telephone for you, the diaphragm will be of doubled and twisted wrought-iron with railroad tracks for wires, and I don't believe that will last more'n an hour and a half! 'Hello, hello-o!' wake up and call up Specklewottle, dod-gast ye!" and Mr. Spoonpendyke rattled away at the crank until his arm ached.

"Be patient, dear. You said she'd gone, and it's a long way around to Mr. Specklewottle's house. Perhaps he isn't home and she's waiting for him."

"That's all right, dear. I'm sorry," shrieked Mr. Spoonpendyke, glaring at his wife. "It took you to get hold of it? When I call that girl she goes home to dinner, and along in the evening she goes around to Specklewottle's house and brings him here in a hack! That your idea of it? Or p'raps you've got some sort of notion that she runs the wire through Specklewottle, turns on the current and slams him right up here through the side of the house? That your idea? Well, she don't, and she don't break her back trying to make a dod-gasted idiot of herself, like some women."

"I think I understand how it works," faltered Mrs. Spoonpendyke. "You say 'Yellow, yellow—!'"

"There's the combination!" yielded Mr. Spoonpendyke. "You got your work in that time! Why didn't you tell me I was bringing this thing home to the inventor! What'd you want to let me stand up here and explain this thing to the only comprehensive brain that ever tackled it for? You've got it! With what you know now and what you've got to find out, you only need a wig and a law suit to be the whole science of electricity. I tell ye this is the way it works!" and Mr. Spoonpendyke brought the box a kick that splintered it. "See it? That's the devilish pulling at the wires until they cut his hands. Watch it, while I convey your regards to the other lunatics!" and he danced on the remnants of the instrument and smashed the fragments against the wall.

"Never mind, dear," remonstrated Mrs. Spoonpendyke, puttering around after him and trying to soothe him. "When we want Mr. Specklewottle again, we'll just send a servant around after him. That'll be much nicer than trusting to a nasty wire, and I know there was a draught through that box for I could feel it as soon as I came in this room."

"Oh, you could feel it!" roared Mr. Spoonpendyke, rather wondering how he was going to account to the company for the destruction of his box. "If I had your sensitiveness and an onion, I'd hire out as a dod-gasted orchid!" and with this culminating sarcasm, Mr. Spoonpendyke crushed his hat over his ears and rushed around to Mr. Specklewottle's to see what had better be done about the matter.

"I don't care," murmured Mrs. Spoonpendyke, as she flopped down on the floor to pick up the pieces of the wrecked telephone box; "he'll not have any opportunity for standing up here and talking to that girl until his legs are cut off, and with that expression of her satisfaction over the result of the experiment, Mrs. Spoonpendyke broke off the ends of the bent wires and laid them away to crimp her hair on—"  
*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—Celery vinegar is made by soaking one ounce of celery seed in half a pint of vinegar (white wine or good cider vinegar). This is much used to flavor soups and gravies.

—Dust the breeding hens occasionally with sulphur. Grease the heads of newly fledged chicks with a very little lard. In preparing the nest for a setting hen always sprinkle the eggs with sulphur.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—To make fine coffee, retaining all of its aromatic qualities, have a coffee pot containing the desired quantity of boiling water, into which plunge the coffee, tied up in a muslin bag, and let it infuse therein for not less than fifteen or thirty minutes, the pot standing in a hot situation, but not allowed to boil.

—*The Farmer.*

—Sawdust, buckwheat chaff, says a correspondent of the *Husbandman*, and use it as an absorbent in the cow stable. Being fine and dry it makes one of the best absorbents for this purpose. He finds a corn basket full (one and a half bushels) will absorb all the urine from ten cows over night and keep them dry and clean. He has made the practice of saving all of his own and buying of his neighbors for one dollar per load of fifty baskets, and it pays well.

—It is usual to sow about about a peck of clover seed to the acre when the ground is in fine, smooth, mellow condition to receive it. Rather less is required for white clover. Sow very early in spring, or as soon as the ground is in mellow condition at the surface. A very early sowing, covering it half an inch deep, or less, will make the crop more certain. Red clover is a valuable crop in farming; white clover is chiefly used for lawns, or for pasturage in certain cases.—*Country Gentleman.*

—Prof. McBride tells how to administer medicine to swine. Take your pig, "halter him as you would for execution and tie the rope end to a stake. He will pull back until the rope is tightly strained. When he has ceased his up-roar and begins to reflect, approach him, and between the back part of the jaws insert an old shoe from which you have cut the toe leather. This he will at once begin to suck and chew. Through it pour medicine, and he will swallow any quantity you please."

—In the spring, when parasitic pests are troublesome to stock, and the weather is warm enough to permit, take a quantity of hard soap, heat it in a little water until melted, then add one ounce of carbolic acid crystals for each pound of soap. When cooled make a strong suds by mixing about one and a half pounds of the preparation in a pailful of warm water, and wash the infected animals with the suds. Continue to wash them at intervals of five days until the enemy is conquered. The preparation will not take off the hair, but it will drive off or kill all insects, and cure mange or other skin diseases.—*Chicago Journal.*

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### Waste in Land.

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More than half of the land in occupation is waste. If I raise eighty bushels of corn per acre, and my neighbor raises but forty, although my neighbor may think he does well—which he does, and better than is commonly done—yet it requires double the amount of land to equal my yield. This is a loss of interest and taxes on half of my neighbor's land, or virtually so much waste land. The difficulty is, his land is half fed. If therefore can do but half the work. But usually land does much more than this, and can be made to do more than in the other case. This shows what an enormous waste there is. Really, over two-thirds of our land is idle, lost interest, taxes and repairs lost, and this loss a constant drain. And yet this is not the worst; farmers, instead of disposing of some of their land, or working to its full capacity what they have, grasp after more, thus increasing the waste, and too often decreasing the profit, with sometimes loss of the land in the end, which is usually a relief. If you mention improvement to them they know it all, and will even assume to instruct you, assuring you that some land is "too poor to do anything with," and pleading a lack of manure, or the too great cost of enriching the land with purchased manure. And yet it may be said, round about them are those who never lack for manure, growing large and profitable crops, on land originally as poor as the land they complain of.

Good tillage and home-made manure are the most successful means of raising full and profitable crops. The management must be to prevent not only waste in the land, but in labor, in manure, and in many other ways that may seem small, but in the aggregate amount to much. This must be done, as the average profit per bushel or pound of produce is necessarily small. Economy is a valuable aid here as in everything else, and the farmer can not well practice economy unless he has, first, some knowledge and experience, not only in a general way, but as directly applied to his own land. He may grow large crops—the largest, if you please—that will cost more than they are worth, as is often the case with premium crops, or with corn grown from the silo, or particularly where commercial fertilizers are used. The ground, very highly and deeply enriched, will lose some of its manure before it can be appropriated, taking years to do it, with loss of the interest and the risks which accompany overgrown crops. Less manure might, on the whole, have grown a good crop with less loss. The best way is and was this experience must largely decide—to use manure enough to grow full crops, or such as will secure the most advantage, all things considered, in which case there will always be enough manure left in the soil to favor the next crop, which may not need additional fertility to grow it, depending upon what is grown, some crops requiring less manure, and to some extent of a changed character; but there should always be enough to tax the full capacity of the soil, so that the greatest profit, all things considered, may be realized. What is more than this is a waste, to some extent, of manure; what is less is a lack and impoverishment in land.—*F. G., in Country Gentleman.*

—Mr. Abraham Hendrickson, residing in Westport, N. Y., has a powder horn on which is carved a coat of arms with the date 1746.

The President invited Patti to the White House and at the same time invited a number of friends to hear her sing, and got a very cool note from the diva declining the honor.

What must the President do when he wants to honor a singer in this way? and probably ninety-nine out of every hundred singers would be as glad to sing before the President as Patti has been before now to sing before the Czar. He dare not offer the singer money for her services, for that would be to inform her that she was not a guest; and if he were to invite her to the White House as an artist that might provoke from her the reply that Dickens made to the Queen when she wanted him to read before her: "I do not care to be welcomed as a reader where I should not be welcomed as a guest."

Undoubtedly it is the diva's business to sing, and to ask her to sing for nothing would be equivalent to asking her for more than a thousand dollars; but then she always will be the singer and never the society lady, and must she take as an affront an invitation that is certainly intended as an honor? Of course, it is no longer necessary for her managers to advertise her as a singer who has sung "before the crowned heads of Europe"—she has risen far above all advertising of that kind; but there was a time when she would have been delighted to please our President, and she might recall it in behalf of artists who seek that honor, and in memory of the time when she was herself comparatively unknown.

What is the government to do? Our cultured President do what he desires to give a worthy artist the encouragement which attends his recognition? Shall he affront the artist by offering her money, for fear of affronting her by extending such an invitation to her as is given his other guests?—N. Y. Graphic.

### Half-Educated People.

James Parton addressed the evening high school of Boston last week, and said that half-educated people are often found in the highest walks of life. He himself had once found on visiting England that his education was woefully deficient in many respects. When asked if such and such a flower or tree was a native of America, he could not tell. He was unable to inform his questioner how much grass grew on an acre in America. He had not fully comprehended the fact that any grass was ever cut in this country. It was to be observed that no people had so thoroughly separated themselves from nature as Americans—a fact particularly salient when the familiarity of Europeans with country interests is considered. The value of knowledge gained from literature is overestimated, he thought. It is not the chief end of man. To write classical English is not the highest achievement. Shakespeare was not the greatest man of the Elizabethan era. Homer was not the noblest of Greeks. He was that which all men should herald is less than the General whose exploits he proclaims. In the first rank of aristocracy should be placed the discoverers of truth, like Newton. Next to them belong those who apply the truth to the age.—Boston Globe.

—When things get dull in Oregon some one builds a bon-fire on the crest of Mt. Hood and the telegraph reports that the supposed extinct volcano shows signs of breaking out with renewed fury.

### An Incident in Virginia.

Our old friend, Mr. Win. Claughton, of Heathsville, Sheriff of Northumberland Co., Va., says: "We have many good medicines in our parts, but nothing which equals St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy. My family keep the Oil in the house at all times and use it for almost everything that a medicine can be used for. They claim that it is unequalled for rheumatism and all bodily pains."—Tappanhook (Va.) Tide Water Index.

STRANGE that we can put no confidence at all in a professional criminal man.

### Personal!

THE VOLTAGE BELT Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial allowed.

THE ASSISTANT Postmaster-General is no Quaker, although he always keeps his Hatton Lovell Courier.

\* \* \* The same measure will not suit all circumstances. But Kidney-Wort suits all cases of liver, bowels and kidney diseases and their concomitants, piles, constipation, diabetes, ague, etc. Try it and you will say so too.

### THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, March 5, 1883.

CATTLE—Exports.....	3 00	62 5 60
COTTON—Middling.....	40 00	10 1/2
FLOUR—Good to Choice.....	4 00	7 00
WHEAT—No. 1.....	3 75	1 25
No. 3 Red.....	1 19	1 19 1/2
COIN—No. 2.....	72	74
BROOM-CORN.....	28	30
POIK—New Mess.....	19 45	19 50

ST. LOUIS.

COTTON—Middling.....	40 00	9 1/2
BEVES—Exports.....	6 00	6 30
Fair to Good.....	5 00	6 00
EGGS—Common to Select.....	6 75	7 30
SHEEP—Fair to Choice.....	4 75	5 40
Light with gross debility lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial allowed.	3 75	4 25
WHEAT—No. 2 Winter.....	1 12 1/2	1 12 1/2
No. 3.....	1 07	1 07 1/2
CORN—No. 2 Mixed.....	41	41 1/2
OATS—No. 2.....	41	41 1/2
RYE—No. 2.....	56	61
TOBACCO.....	4 00	6 00
Medium.....	60	60
HAY—Choice Timothy.....	14 00	15 00
BUTTER—Choice Dairy.....	45	45
BROOM-CORN.....	28	30
EGGS—Common.....	14	15
POIK—New Mess.....	18 1/2	19 00
Light Rib.....	10	11 1/2
LARD—Prime Steam.....	10	11 1/4
WOOL—Tub washed, medium.....	30	35
Unwashed.....	30	35

CHICAGO.

CATTLE—Exports.....	5 90	6 40
HOGS—Good to Choice.....	4 25	5 25
SHEEP—Good to Choice.....	4 25	5 25
FLOUR—Winter.....	4 00	6 00
Spring.....	4 00	5 00
WHEAT—No. 1.....	1 08	1 08
No. 2 Red.....	1 09	1 10 1/4
CORN—No. 2.....	41	41 1/2
OATS—No. 2.....	41	41 1/2
RYE.....	61	62 1/2
POIK—New Mess.....	18 00	18 25

NEW ORLEANS.

FLOUR—High Grades.....	5 35	6 35
HOGS—Western.....	4 00	5 25
OATS—Western.....	19 00	20 00
HAY—Choice.....	18 00	19 00
BACON—Clear Rib.....	11 1/2	12
COTTON—Middling.....	12	12 1/2

A DISPATCH has been received at the Philadelphia Press office, dated Harrisburg, signed "Uncle Reub," and marked "collect." It read as follows: "don't Accept president's offer to Examine gas meter, isn't meter it's the handle—look it in his old meter once—they still kept go ng around like a Mule in a Brickyard—put a Coal Scuttle on the handle—carried the flod full of coal right around—sat on the flod carried me around till I got Dizzy and fell Off—put leg of my best Chair between handle to stop them—cut through leg clear or had a Buzz Saw—ruined Chair meter. H nips accidentally Invented by a Lunatic at work on perpetual Motion in a Third Story Back with closed Shutters—I put a Ladder to window Bored a Hole Through Shutters and Discovered his secret—No Gas trying to stop meter Hands—trouble is both go Same Way—if went different ways could not fix it—had to cut each one in Half but the handle—look it in his old meter once—they still would go All Same. Go Lil wear out Look Out Don't Cut your Head Off."

A GENTLEMAN writes: "Dr. Guyott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla cured me of a severe case of the piles, inpure blood and general ill-health."

Another gentleman writes: "Dr. Guyott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla cured me of nervous debility, palpitation of the heart, dizziness, night sweats, sleeplessness, etc."

A MULE never kicks the same object twice. Probably for the same reason that lightning never strikes the same place in the same place—doesn't have to.—*Chicago Herald.*

"Made New Again."

Mrs. WM. D. RYCKMAN, St. Catherine, Ont., says: "I have used a Bottle of N. Y. I have used your 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets,' for the last three months and never sticks in my throat.—*made new again* are the only words that express it. I was reduced to a skeleton, could not walk across the floor without fainting, could keep nothing in the shape of food on my stomach. Myself and friends had given up all hope, my immediate death seemed certain. I now live (to the surprise of everybody) and am able to do my own work."

A PANE in the stomach would let enough light in to show how one bears up under affliction.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

Voice of the People.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.: "I had a serious disease of the lungs, and was for some time confined to my bed and under the care of a physician. His prescriptions did not help me. I grew worse, coughing very severely. I remembered taking your Golden Medical Discovery (what shall I say)—*made new* respectfully, JUDITH BURNETT, Ellisdale, Mich."

The compositor who set up "Goblin" turned out a Gobelin tapestry should give thanks that he is permitted to live.

PIERCE'S "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are perfect preventives of constipation. Inclosed in glass bottles, always fresh. By all druggists.

DAVID FENDER, "popping the question," in a letter, concluded thus: "And should you say 'yes,' dear Mary, I will truly be your D. Fender."

"I WOULD'N'T be without Dr. Benson's Cery and Chronic pills if they cost \$1 a pill. They cured me of neuralgia of 9 years standing." Joseph Snyder, Paxions, Pa. 50 cents per box, at druggists.

BUILDING lots and indignation are both measured by the foot.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

Josiah Davis's Trouble.

Josiah Davis, No. Middletown, Ky., writes: "I am now using a box of your HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE upon an ulcer, which, for the past ten days, has given me great pain. This salve has given me a ready relief, and that has given me any ease. My ulcer was caused by varicose veins, and was pronounced incurable by my medical doctors. I find, however, that HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE is effecting a cure."

The engine-car ought to be on the donkey engine.—*N. O. Picayune.*

DR. BENSON'S Skin Cure is without a peer. It consists of both external and internal treatment, and costs only \$1 per package, at druggists.

The electric incandescent pocketbook is the latest. It is always light.

FOR THICK HEADS, heavy stomachs, biliousness, "Wells' Map Apple Pills," cathartic, 10 and 25c.

THE navy yard—Three feet (same as any other yard).—*N. Y. Journal.*

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. \$1.

ADVANCEMENT of learning—Moving the school-house.—*Puck.*

FOR COUGHS, ASTHMA AND THROAT DISORDERS, use "Brown's Bronchial Trochae."

Why is a fishmonger a prudent merchant? Because he buys and sells c. o. d.

CHROLITHON Collars and Cuffs for gentlemen are easily washed and do not require ironing.

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LYON'S Heel Stiffeners keep new boots and shoes straight. By shoe and hardware dealers.

TRY the new brand, "Spring Tobacco."

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